

An Autumn Secret.

I stand at the gate in the garden
And gaze o'er the level field,
Yellow and ripe in the sunlight,
That perfect harvest will yield.
Down from the broad maple branches
The leaves are fluttering slow,
Touched by the brilliant tips of brushes
Of olives that set them aglow.
A perfumed south wind comes stealing
And whispers among the leaves,
Then like a mischievous truant
Slips on to the ripe wheat sheaves.
The asters are royal purple,
And stand in kindly array,
Gallant and tall at the roadside,
Like guards of the autumn day.
They challenge the wind in passing,
But soft, he whistles a word
And all the guards low before him
As soon as the words he heard.
And I 'neath the maple shadows
Behind the old garden gate,
I heard the message delivered,
And hold it inviolate.
And lo, my heart is a little
With strong and burning desire;
I glance at the branches o'er me
Aglow with the magic fire.
Next day to gate in the garden
Over the frost-spread snow
I pass as a loyal subject
To welcome queen goldenrod.

J. K. LUDLUM

In the Days of the Golden Rod.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

"He didn't love it because it was fashionable. It was considered merely a showy weed when he used to run his hand over it and say it was the bravest, bonniest flower that any son knew. And how I used to gather whole handfuls of it, and send it out to him as he was passing slowly by here! I wonder if he still cares for it, if he cares just a little, for me." "Yes."

How beautiful the golden-rod was that season to be sure! And how it sprang up everywhere where there was room for it to grow, tossing its yellow heads in the clear air as though it were saying, "Ah! you have found out at last that we royal golden-rod are not to be despised. Slow of sight and dull of perception, you recognize at last our beauty and our grandeur!"

Ray Horton stood at a small easel, painting a spray of golden rod. Ray was the telegraph operator at Gloucester. She had been over there for four years. A fair sweet-faced girl, who had always worn a rather serious look for one so young, and whose expression had been more serious still since, two years before we find her painting, she had quarrelled with Phil Rodney, a young man of the name, who had been a "queer chap." He was rather a strange man. Tall of stature, strong of limb, but not a grain of weakness in body or mind, but he was as refined in feeling as a woman. Sometimes his engine, which hauled the "gravel train," was halted for several minutes or an hour, perhaps, in some country place, and at such times the fireman had an opportunity to sit alone for a time and was more than once known to declare to the head brakeman that he "couldn't see, for his part, what Rodney wanted to go poking about the meddlers for, looking into birds' nests, or picking a lot of wild stuff to lard up the cab with."

And he could not see, and Rodney never tried to make him understand, what a pleasure it was to him to look upon shiny eyes, or brooding mothers, or to take in his hands fresh wild blossoms. While he was a very young man, he had never seen any one whom he thought he would like to marry. He was rather odd in this, as in other things. But when he was something over thirty, he met Ray Horton, and liked her face. When he knew her, he liked her words and her character, and one day he told her he loved her, and became her accepted suitor.

It was the time of the blossoming of the golden-rod when this happened, and Rodney brought her a bouquet of the flowers as a betrothal nosegay.

"I love them," he said in his slow, grave way, passing his large fingers over the petals. "They are the bravest, bonniest flower that any season knows."

"Ray was learning to paint at this time, and as his eyes rested on her easel, Rodney said:

"Will you paint me a spray of my flower sometime, dear?"

And Ray looked at the blossoms he had brought, and answered, "Some day when I can paint well enough, perhaps. Some day when I love you very much, and want especially to please you. Some day when we have quarrelled, perhaps, and I want to 'make up.' Who knows when all this may be? You see the refrain of my words is 'some day.'"

"And so when I receive my picture if we have quarrelled," he said, "I shall know there is repentance and a hope for a meeting—a little soreness of heart for the things that have gone on, a longing for righting? Shall I read these things, Ray?"

And Ray had answered half laughing at his serious mood: "You may read these things."

There was a happy year, and then a bitter quarrel. No matter why these two, who loved each other so dearly, had said such hard words. Because they did love each other, they could speak far more bitterly. Both were stubborn and proud, and neither would ask the other's pardon, or speak one word that might lead to a reconciliation. Two years went by, and when Engineer Rodney was forced to go to the telegraph office at Gloucester to sign an important message, or to sign a receipt for one, he uttered only short cold words of greeting or business, and was answered no less coldly than he spoke.

Ray had learned painting rapidly in those two lonely years when she felt she must work constantly to keep her thoughts away from her husband. Her office duties were light, and her brush work was very much in her hand. And she stood and painted the spray of golden-rod, thinking of her own words and those of Rodney on a certain day two years ago. But the painting was not for him. One of the favorite pupils of her teacher was to be married, and the teacher, who thought Ray's skill something marvellous, and

taste fine, had asked her to paint this spray of golden rod, for the bride. Ray thought of Rodney as she painted, thought of him as she put the finishing touches to the picture; thought of him as the painting stood on the easel while the colors dried. But it did not enter her head to send him any sign that she wanted him. And Rodney had looked from his engine into low-lying meadows, and sunny pastures brave with his flowers, had even got down when there was a waiting-time and plucked great handfuls of the golden, glowing stuff, and sighed and been heartless, but no thought came to him of sending Ray one sign that he was not content.

"It is dry, and I will send it to Mrs. Early to-day," Ray said one afternoon, speaking of the painting. She took it from the easel, and wrapped it in paper, laid it on the desk, saying: "I will let Jack take it to her this afternoon." Jack was the messenger boy.

She drew an envelope toward her and directed it to Mrs. Early. It was a large envelope such as was used to cover a kind of train order. Before she had placed the picture within it, she heard her signal, and pushing the directed envelope slightly aside, she answered the office call, and presently had written the following message:

"To Eng'r Rodney, Train No. 137.

Keep your engine well in hand around Kette's Ledge. Rain has loosened some rails."

The message was signed by the superintendent of the road.

No. 137 was not due for five minutes. Ray directed another envelope and then somewhat awkwardly folded the or sheet, which was twice as large as it needed have been. "Take these two envelopes," she said to Jack, having deposited both train order and picture, "and when 137 comes, hand the one directed to him to Eng'r Rodney, and take the other to Mrs. Early."

Jack took the two envelopes and departed, and Ray leaned back in her chair and remembered how glad she used to be when Engineer Rodney came to the window to sign for a message.

No. 137 puffed slowly by Gloucester without stopping. The engineer leaned out of the cab window and stretched hand. It felt heavy.

"You may sit here a few moments, Ned," he said to the fireman, who could run an engine almost as well as himself. "He wiped as much mud as possible from his hands, and drew the card from the envelope. His eyes grew soft and humid, and his sooty face shone. His brave flower, perfect as those in the meadow yonder, rich and golden, and painted by Ray."

"Some day when I love you very much and want especially to please you," Then it was she was to send him the picture of the golden-rod. And when it was sent, he was to know that there was a little soreness of heart for the things that had been; that she wanted to "make up." Rodney was not what people called a pious man. He did not make long prayers in the synagogue, or talk very much about religion. But with the picture in his hand he felt that God was good, and thanked him for his kindness and tender mercies.

The engine "was well in hand" in passing Kette's Ledge, but it was the fireman's hand that was on the lever.

"Mrs. Early won't be home, so I left it on a table in the entry," said Jack, coming back from his errand. It was evening when Engineer Rodney knocked at Ray's office door. She opened to him and gazed on him with astonishment. He stepped in without invitation, an said, looking into her face:

"I thank you, Ray, dear. That I allowed you to give the first generous token of forgiveness shows that I am less noble than you. I am sorry, Ray, right sorry. Forgive me."

There was a puzzled look in Ray's eyes, and she was just saying, "I don't understand"—when there was a sharp tap on the shelf outside the door. The window was not open, and Mrs. Early said, "Good evening, my dear. I just got home, and found this on my hall table. Whatever can you mean by it? It is your handwriting, is it not?"

She held a sheet of paper toward Ray, who took it and read:

"To Eng'r Rodney, Train No. 137.

Keep your engine well in hand around Kette's Ledge. Rain has loosened some rails."

I sent you the wrong envelope. I will explain to-morrow, she faltered. "Well, never mind now. I'm in a great rush," said Mrs. Early, and proved her words by rushing away. Ray turned to Rodney and said slowly:

"I never meant you to have the picture. I painted it for Mrs. Early, and put it in an envelope where an order for you should have gone. But—I mean all I said to you, and I am glad of the mistake."

And so the bitter past was put behind them, and they grew happy and trusting and loyal again in the days of the golden-rod. —Woman's Journal.

Thou Shalt Not Kill!—Thyself.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. BACHE.

This is one of the shortest of the ten commandments. There are only four words in it. This law forbids all injury to the lives of others and injury to our own lives.

Some people think this law only applies to the man whose hands are red with his brother's blood, so I want to amend the commandment, and add to it, "Thou shalt not kill thyself. We break this commandment when we eat too much, when we overeat the stomach. It can't do its work. The food we eat has lead in it, and it is a poison. It is a poison to the blood, and a thousand other diseases.

At the table of those who eat too much should be posted, in large letters, "Thou shalt not kill thyself. We break this commandment when

we are not properly protected in our clothing and shoes. How many ladies go out in winter weather to parties and balls, with low-necked dresses and thin paper shoes; they take cold, consumption and death follow as the result of their devotion to the laws of fashion. They are as guilty as if they committed suicide by poison or by rope. "Thou shalt not kill" thyself. Tight lacing is another way in which people kill themselves. Look for a moment at that part of the body to which to which this lacing is applied.

In the center is the heart. Near the heart is the liver and the lower part of the lungs. The heart is divided into two parts. The work which the heart has to do is to act the part of a pump.

God has given it a wonderful power of opening and shutting itself. Its business is to send the blood all over our bodies by a sort of pumping motion. When it opens it lets the blood in; when it closes, it forces it out.

This opening and closing is what we call the beating of the heart. Close by the heart is the lower part of the lungs. The lungs are like a pair of bellows. Every time we breathe they are filled with air, and swell themselves out all around. The heart must have room to open and shut. And the lungs must have room to be filled with air.

When the waist is tightly laced, the ribs are pressed in upon the heart and lungs, and neither of them has room to do its proper work. If they only had a voice they would cry out in terrible agony, "Murder—murder." To every woman addicted to this sin, the commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill" thyself.

Drinking of intoxicating liquor is another way, and the most popular one in which many people kill themselves. Most of the wines and liquors now manufactured have poisonous substances mixed with them. It is estimated that over forty thousand people kill themselves in this way every year.

I saw the other day, in the upper part of our city, a brewery called "The Hell-gate Brewery." Every brewery, every distillery, and every rum-shop is a "Hell-gate." Let us try and put a stop to this terrible slaughter.

To the drunkard the commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill" thyself. A well-known drunkard appeared at a religious meeting, and declared that he was afraid of the drunkard's doom. Said he: "One of the lessons of my childhood was the text, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' It has followed me more than you would suppose. I have heard it in the night watches and above the revels of a drunken cabaret. It seemed to burn on the walls of the rum-shop in letters of fire. I have resolved to escape that doom. Will you give me a helping hand?"

Jesus in referring to the lilies, said: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Solomon had wine for dinner every day, but the lily never drinks anything but water.

"Do not forget the commandment 'Thou shalt not kill,' and the amendment 'thyself.'"

Current Wit and Humor.

POLITICAL EDITOR—"I see our opponent has advanced an unanswerable argument in his last article. What shall I do about it?"

EXPERIENCED EDITOR—"Call it so-phistry—Chicago Tribune."

MR. BENSON—"How many water-melons do you suppose you could eat at one time, Uncle Zeke?"

UNCLE ZEKE—"Dunno, Massa Benson. I eat 'fo'een one night, but ma wife'd die dat n' afternoon, an' Uncle Zeke warn't in first-class edition."

A MINISTER overlooked a Quaker lady, and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was a comparative stranger in the parish, he said: "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr. Haven't you heard me preach?"

"I have heard thee try," was the quick rejoinder.

BOBBY was very much impressed by the remark of the minister at church that man was made of dust. "Ma," he said, after a thoughtful silence, "was I made of dust, too?"

"Yes," she replied, "Well, how's it, then, that my birthday comes in January?"

PASTOR—"Thomas! Don't you think your parents would feel very sore if they knew you were fishing on the Sabbath?"

THOMAS—"Yes, sir; but not half as sore as I'd feel if they found it out."

CUSTOMER (getting his hair cut)—"Didn't you nip of a piece of the ear then?"

BARBER (reassuringly)—"Yes, sah, a small piece, but not enough to effect de hairin," sah.

CRICK—"Mr. Briggs, I want to ask a favor of you. Employer—Well, James, what is it?"

"A beloved uncle of mine is to be buried to-day, and I would like to go to the funeral."

"Very well, James; but wait a few minutes and we'll go together. I want to see the ball game myself."

FATHER, the paper says you officiated at the wedding, clad in the traditional garb of the clergy. What does traditional mean?"

"Traditional, my son," replied the poor minister, as he looked at his cheap suit of black with a sigh, "refers to things that have been handed down."

CUSTOMER (getting measured)—"How much are these trousers going to cost me?"

"Twenty dollars, sir. How many pockets do you wear in them?"

"None. I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."

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PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, bearing date the 16th day of August, 1888, to make the unpaid tax assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in said township in the year 1888, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT,

at the hour of 2 P. M., at his office in Dodd's building, Glenwood Avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for any person or persons who will agree to take the same, and pay the same to the interest thereon, from the third day of October, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-eight, together with costs, fees, charges and expenses.

The whole amount of tax, interest and cost will be made known on the day of sale.

Witness my hand and seal this 26th day of September, A. D. 1888.

ALEXANDER C. WALKER, Collector.

CODE AS TO THE PRESERVATION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH OF THE TOWNSHIP OF BLOOMFIELD.

The Local Board of Health of the Township of Bloomfield, and County of Essex, by virtue of the provisions of an act of the Legislature of New Jersey, entitled: "An act to establish in this State Boards of Health and a Bureau of Vital Statistics, and to define their respective powers and duties," approved March 31, 1887, do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. That whatever is dangerous to human health, or whatever renders the drinking water, the air or food a hazard or an injury to human health is hereby declared to be a nuisance, and any person or persons creating or maintaining, or aiding in the creation or maintenance of any such nuisance, shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars.

SECTION 2. That any person who shall carelessly, negligently or willfully and/or contribute to the doing of any act dangerous to life or detrimental to the health of human beings except for justifiable motives and for adequate reasons, or who shall omit any precaution reasonable and proper to prevent or remove danger or detriment to life or health of human beings, shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars.